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Brave PICTON, son of Victory,
 His life-blood shed this realm to save,
 The arm, that set all Europe free,
 Lies nerveless in the clay-cold grave.

He left the world a legacy,
 Peace profound and prospects bright;
 His work achieved, his soul burst free,
 And wing'd her way to realms of light.

Who can recount each daring deed,
 The feats of valour he perform'd :
 The hosts he chac'd with eagle-speed,
 The battles gain'd, the forts he storm'd ?

His deeds shall swell the trump of fame,
 Worth from honour who can sever ?
 He died—but left a deathless name,
 In glory's blaze 'twill live for ever*.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ENGLYN,

In Page 110.

The massy crag, which tower'd on high,
 And seem'd to touch the azure sky,
 Exacting, like a monarch proud,
 A dewy tribute from each cloud,
 Is undermined by swelling frost,
 Its fissures wedged, its base is lost :
 Detached, it moves in horrid stride,
 And tumbles down the mountain-side.
 Surging o'er rocks it brooks no stay,
 And crashes through the brakes its way,
 Till on Neath's margin one great bound
 Imbeds it in the trembling ground.
 A fragment thus records a tale
 Of fallen grandeur in the vale.

Bath, Sept. 20, 1819.

B.

* This Ode was sung at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, on the 9th of July, 1819, by Miss Bartlett, adapted to the air of ANHAWD YMADAFL. The preceding translation is the composition of the three individuals, whose names are affixed to the several stanzas, and was undertaken by them with the intention of rendering it as close to the original as the strict rules of Welsh poetry would permit, allowing an Englyn to each English stanza.
 Ed.